THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. NEWS.

Successful Ball of Division No. 8 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Brand's Hall Last Saturday Night.

One of the Most Enjoyable Occasions in the Annals of the Popular Society.

Almost 150 couples of "fair women and brave men" marched in line after P. J. O'Sullivan, the popular and good looking young president of Div. 8, and pretty Miss Dawson, to the appropriate strains of Prof. Feddern's orchestra, in the grand march, at Brand's hall, on last Saturday night. Seldom, indeed, has this spacious hall been filled with a crowd so good natured, jolly, stylish and respectable as that which responded to the invitation of Div. 8; and as for magnitude, the gathering was unprecedented. The various committees deserve the highest praise for their unceasing energy and vigilance, directed at all times toward the promotion of the comfort and enjoyment of all present, and it would be difficult to find an occasion where more general satisfaction has been given to all.

The young ladies were as pretty as the lovely and delicate bouquets they wore, and the hearts of the young seemed to expand with good nature and jollity after the manner of the huge chrysanthemums displayed so lavishly in their button holes.

Perhaps the taste and judgment of the music committee deserves mention as one of the important factors in the general success achieved, for seldom has there been a programme with a selection of dances and titles so grandly diversified and so very appropriate. With a "Welcome to our President," came the first two numbers, while "The Sweet Little Daisies" said "Arragh Go On." Then the Hibernian Knights with the brothers of Div. 8 sent a warm expression of affection to "The Girls We Love." Next "Our Treasurer" was allowed a vacation to "Dixie" with instructions from [illegible] Friends" to "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" go to supper. Then after that for lucky (?) No. 13 all said "We Feel Better Now" thanks to "Our Officers." Next a warm compliment was paid to "Young Ireland" and "Our State President," while "The Girls That Love Us" were reminded that this was "Ladies' Choice—Leap Year." Then "The Green Old Flag of Dear Erin's Isle" was waved in memory of "Our Absent Brothers," and when the young men realized the last three dances had come you might have heard them sigh and say, "Don't Say No," while a soft voice kindly said, "Till We Meet Again," after which the ever popular, affecting and suggestive strains of "Home, Sweet Home," gently reminded us that the hour had come. Thoroughly pleased with ourselves and each other, each one made a conscientious search for his latchkey, and, satisfied that it was at hand, directed our steps homeward, full of joy and gratification at having achieved the grandest success in the history of North Side Hibernians.

It was very pleasing to note the very apparent ease with which the immense gathering of people was taken care of by the brothers of Div. 8. The number of people present was unusually large, particularly so in relation to space, but everything moved with the smoothness and regularity of clockwork. It proves very conclusively the advisability of thoroughly preconcerted action, and of the judicious appointment of committees. Nothing can be calculated to result in dissatisfaction and disappointment more than irregular or indifferent committees. They are the bane and ruin of everything they undertake. With them all is left until the twelfth hour, or later, if possible. Everything is left to a "somebody else" to perform, and the result is but too painfully apparent. While, on the other hand, no feature of any undertaking can be more edifying or gratifying than to notice each one aware of their proper time and place. There is the perfect and complete machine, no part absent or out of place, no friction, no unnecessary noise; nothing but the pleasant hum of smooth running, oiled with the lubricants of experience and adaptability.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. P. J. O'Sullivan, president; M. Doyle, vice-president; R. G. McHugh, treasurer; E. P. Nolan, recording secretary; O. J. Cullen, financial secretary; Owen Devaney, chief; John J. Sherlock, assistant chief; James A. Donovan, T. F. Monahan, T. H. Gillespie, M. Norton, Thomas F. Boland, J. Flannery, John Carr, P. J. Loftus, James E. Mulvey, D. J. Mahoney, James McDermott, Michael H. Fitzgerald, William Lonergan, M. O'Hara, M. J. Kelley, P. O'Sullivan, P. O'Brien, Joseph L. Moore, J. Mackin, James Conlan, Jr., Joseph F. Kelley, Quin O'Brien, J. S. Hyland, D. F. Cannon, Denis E. Sullivan, Hugh J. Gleason, J. Colleran, James Cusack, M. Walsh, P. Prendergast, P. Madden, W. H. Cleary, James Hayes, E. F. Hyland, E. J. Rowland, Joseph McConville, M. Kearney, M. J. Sweeney, P. Clark, R. Sweeney.

Div. 2 was represented by Thomas J. Sherlock, James E. Regan, William C. Moore, D. C. Lynch and Andrew Tully. Delegations were also present representing Divs. 1, 3, 11, 20, 21 and 32.

The following ladies were present: Mesdames James A. Donovan, Owen J. Cullen, Michael Doyle, P. J. Loftus, James McDermott, John J. Sherlock; the Misses Dawson, Sadie Murphy, M. Healy, Kittie McCoy, Annie Wilson, L. Gillespie, Fanny Brown, B. Brown, May Coleman, Tessie McLaughlin, Birdie Kelley, Lily Quinn, Nellie Dwyer, E. O'Brien, Ellie Nolan, Teresa O'Connell, Winnie McHugh, Jennie Doyle, Frances Cullen, Lily O'Sullivan, Maggie Donovan, and many others.

The next regular meeting of Div. 8 will be held this (Saturday) evening at No. 62 North Clark street at 8:30 o'clock. Members are requested to be punctual in attendance, and to be prepared to make full and complete returns for tickets for recent ball. Members unable to be present at the meeting are instructed to make returns to the secretary as soon as possible. J. J. S.

We have quite a lengthy "Gossip" article which will appear next week.

AS TO THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

[*Springfield (Mass.) Republican Nov. 4.*]

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has confessed to an extent of ignorance which is certainly amazing for a man in his position, and which it must have cost him some courage to own. In his recent Atlantic Monthly article he practically ignored the part the Irish took in the founding of American civilization. He was brought to book for it by J. D. O'Connell, of the statistical department of the treasury, in a letter which subsequently appeared in the Boston Republic (as it did also appear in these columns), where President Eliot's reply also appears. This is Dr. Eliot's apology:

"I shall have to confess that I omitted them because I did not know they were an important element in the population of the colonies in the eighteenth century. Your definition of Irishmen, however, would hardly, I think, be generally accepted. Most ethnologists desire to distinguish between the Irish and the Scotch-Irish, and in this country it seems to me that the distinction between the Scotch-Irish and the Irish is very important, the Scotch-Irish being mainly Protestant and the Irish proper being mainly Catholic. You are doubtless aware that in the eighteenth century most of the American colonies were distinctly unfriendly to Roman Catholics. My ignorance about the early Irish immigration is doubtless due to provincialism. The Massachusetts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the creation of the English Puritans and Independents. The Massachusetts of the nineteenth century is, of course, quite another thing. It has welcomed many thousands of Irishmen, and they have generally proved very useful citizens. I am sorry that I did not add the Irish to my enumeration of immigrants in the last century."

Here appears again that persistent classification of "Scotch-Irish." It is a convenient phrase, but as for truthful designation, it is as good as if one should say Spanish-Irish of the Galwegians because of the undoubted Spanish strain in that locality. It is as good as to say "Irish-American" for the posterity of Irish immigrants in this country who are now bone of our bone and sinew of our sinew. We are all Americans, and the Irish are all Irish, whether their ancestors were from Spain or France or England or Scotland. Scotch blood came into Ireland in the days of the Bruce. Scotch were colonized there in a later period; there were Highlanders of the same Gaelic race as the Erse, there were Lowlanders of the same race as the North Briton. But they all became Irish, and those who came here in the early days of the colonies represented all the blending of these races.

It is true that most of these early emigrants from Ireland, like their predecessors from England, were Protestant in religion. Under Elizabeth the persecution of the Irish succeeded in subordinating their nationality to their religion in a sense—that is, they became a Catholic instead of a racial element. And that has tinged Irish aspirations ever since, and the partition never was broken down until the Protestant Parnell began his extraordinary career. But when the early emigration from the British isles was made, in the first century and a half of the colonies, there was no such line drawn; and seldom in all that time, and through the revolution, was anything said about race distinctions. By the time of the revolution, indeed, in the stress of the struggle of the colonies for self-government, even religion played very little part. Certainly the Sullivans, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and so many others, were not thought of as Irish, whether Scotch-Irish or any other sort; they were simply American patriots.

Massachusetts was built up by the Puritans and the Independents, as President Eliot says, and Americans can never be too thankful that it was this sturdy, high-principled element of the freedom-loving and freedom-achieving English that founded our state. The Irish helped nobly, and were a highly valuable part of the commonwealths, north and south, which joined in rebellion against the repressive tyranny of England. They were no more important, and no more valuable, than the Irish who fought in the war for the Union and are now helping along the cause of government of the people, by the people and for the people. Dr. Eliot exhibits a courageous humility in acknowledging ignorance on this point.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

ENGLAND'S SPIES.

They Are Mainly Secret Service Men Who Do the Dirty Work for John Bull Among the Irish Societies in America.

So Says William Pinkerton, of the Famous Detective Agency—Reminiscences of Le Caron and "Red Jim" McDermott.

(*Chicago Evening News, Nov. 14.*)

"The British government always has secret-service men in its employ in this country endeavoring to unravel any plots which might arise," said William Pinkerton last Saturday morning as he spoke of one "Jones" who gave startling testimony in the Bow street police court in London last Friday morning in connection with the Ivory case.

The remark was partly a refutation of a charge made some time ago that the Pinkertons had assisted her majesty's government and it proved the keynote to an interesting recital of some inside history connected with the Le Caron and Red McDermott spies of a few years ago. Mr. Pinkerton said:

"In connection with the arrest of Tynan recently, for some reason it was stated that these arrests were made through our agency. I was not here at the time, but denied the matter in the San Francisco papers. I want to deny here that we ever assisted the British government. In a few cases we have been called upon to assist Scotland Yard in a civil case, but have never taken part in a criminal case. During the Parnell suit against the London Times the British sent a representative here to retain our services in that suit, but my brother and I both declined the employment. The man who approached me was an ex-detective and I told him at the time that I did not think he would make a success at his business and that the way he was doing he was going to get himself hurt if he didn't look out. He went to New York from here, where he framed up a combination with some people, who got all his money and sold him bogus information. That is the last I know of any English detective looking for any information of that kind in this country. But this man did not have the recognition of Scotland Yard.

"It now looks like those cases in England have been worked up by men such as Le Caron, who have been for years in the secret service of the British government. Le Caron lived here for several years and was never known or suspected of being what he was until a year or two before the London Times cases came up. He used to run a drug store here and took a prominent part in Irish affairs.

"At this time the late John Crawford, chief clerk in the assessor's office on the North Side, and Joe Martin, lately candidate for congress on the Democratic ticket, were en route to Europe. On shipboard they picked up an acquaintance with Le Caron, who was going to Paris. As he spoke French fluently they kept up his acquaintance and frequently met and dined with him while in Paris. When they got aboard the boat to return they were much surprised to find that Le Caron was a passenger with them. He seemed to stick very close to Crawford, and immediately on Crawford's return, we being very good friends, he called on me and, among other things, told me of the actions of this man. He said that while in Paris this man had frequently talked on Irish national affairs and had tried to take him into some headquarters of the kind in Paris. But Crawford told him emphatically that, while he was an Irish-American, he was not mixed up in Irish national affairs and would no go where any of those leaders were or be introduced to them, and Joe Martin told him the same thing.

"When they reported Le Caron's actions to me I told them I did not know the man nor had I ever heard of him, but advised Crawford to have nothing whatever to do with him. Later on Crawford told me that Le Caron was particularly anxious to obtain an introduction to me through him, but I declined the honor. I told Crawford at that time that I believed Le Caron was secretly employed by the government of Great Britain and I wanted nothing to do with him.

"Later on, in connection with some business of the office, Mr. McFarland, who is now superintendent of our Denver agency and who worked up the Mollie McGuire cases in Philadelphia years ago, was brought in contact with Le Caron. On his return to the agency I asked him what he thought of Le Caron, and, without any hesitancy, he said the man was in the secret service of the British government. So we were not surprised when, a few months afterward, Le Caron so boldly stated that he had been in the employ of the government for ten years.

"Another secret agent of the British government, and who will be remembered by all the old-time newspaper men of Chicago, was Red McDermott, who posed as a newspaper writer in this city and Brooklyn, was a great leader in Clan-na-Gael affairs and continually talking and denouncing as spies people whom he did not like. He did this so much that my attention was called to him, and one night in an argument which was participated in by several politicians, McDermott was particularly loud-mouthed. I took occasion to call him down, said he was a fraud and offered to bet him that he was a spy and misleading his companions. He became very indignant and threatened to kill me if I did not retract. But I did not retract, and within ninety days the papers came out with the report that Red McDermott was not only what I said he was but a great deal worse, as he had been a leader in Clan-na-Gael affairs in Brooklyn and this city. He fled to England for protection, and was by the authorities there sent away. Whether he is living or dead I do not know, for he has never been heard from since.

"While in London four years ago a prominent official and a friend of mine asked me if I would like to go see Le Caron at his cottage in the suburbs of London. I told him that I had never met the man when he was here and I did not care to meet him abroad.

"There is no doubt that the British government is continually alert for plots in this country. But the work is all done by British secret-service men."

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Gaels and Scots met in friendly rivalry at the Gaelic grounds on last Sunday, and the contest for supremacy at football was one of the keenest ever witnessed during the season. The Gaelic team was handicapped to a great extent, the game having been played under the Scotch Association rules; nevertheless, the team made a good showing and have much reason to be congratulated, it being the initial game with the majority of the team under the governing rules, and the few who had ever played association football had never practiced the game since the inception of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The weather was all that could be desired, and a fair sized crowd of admiring friends of both teams cheered lustily when a good play was made by either side. The Gaels won the toss, and elected to play with the wind in their favor.

The ball was kicked off a 3 o'clock, and was sent well into the Thistles' territory, but was soon returned, and Myles was called upon to defend the goal for the Gaels, which he did most admirably on several occasions. The leather was again sent to middle field, and was brought in close proximity to the Thistles' goals when Clarke and Butler got mixed up and lost a score for the Gaels. During the remainder of the first half hour honors were even, and both teams retired from the field without either scoring. After a recess of ten minutes play was resumed, and the Thistles made several incursions into the Gaelic territory, and Myles, O'Connell and Roche did excellent work on the backs, but the dribbling and combination play of the Thistles was too much for the Gaels, and during the last fifteen minutes they scored two goals to the Gaels nil. O'Connell, Roche, Naughton, Favier, Hanley and Durkin played an excellent game for the Gaels. On tomorrow, Sunday, Nov. 22, the Thistles and Gaels will play another game, to be governed by the rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Great interest is centered in this contest. The Thistles are training hard to defeat the Gaels at their own game. On Thanksgiving day the Gaels will play the Thistles another game under the Scotch Association rules, and with a slight change in last Sunday's team, the Gaels are in hopes of retiring with victory.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE PARNELL TRAGEDY.

An Article by William O'Brien Calls Forth Sharp Comment in an English Radical Publication.

The Irish Parliamentary Party Accused of Moral Cowardice, Chronic Factiousness and General Incompetency.

The subjoined article appears in the Westminster Gazette:

Mr. William O'Brien is responsible for the following sentence in the current number of the Contemporary Review:

"If the Irish Race Convention in Dublin had not been followed so quickly by the excitements of the Parnell anniversary, the internecine troubles of the Irish party would be, for all practicable purposes, at an end."

This is nonsense. If the eleven Parnellite members were at the bottom of the Liffey, if not one single individual walked to Parnell's grave on the fifth anniversary of his death last October, unity among Irish Nationalists would be as far away as ever. Every sagacious man who understands Irish politics and Irish history knew full well five years ago that if Parnell went, anarchy would come. Parnell is gone. Anarchy has come, and has come to stay until a Parnell or an O'Connell appears once more to unite and consolidate the nation.

"The Irish Race Convention," says Mr. O'Brien. But the convention which met in Dublin last September was not a convention of the "Irish race." It was a convention of a party, or rather of a section of a party—the Dillonite section of the Parnellite party. What is the good of attempting to conceal the facts? The English are a dull people, but they are not utter fools. The notion of attempting to persuade them that Irish disunion is a thing on the surface, that Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy are the cause of all the dissension, and that if both of them could be hanged on the same day universal harmony would prevail in Nationalist councils, is simply ridiculous. The English know very little about Ireland, but they know this much: that the cause of Irish dissension at the present moment lies deeper than Mr. William O'Brien would wish us to believe. Mr. O'Brien must face the facts. We must all face the facts if any good is to be done in the long run. The Irish priests and people have lost confidence in the whole parliamentary crowd. That is the bottom fact of the situation. The "Irish race" convention! We may like the fact or we may not like it, but at this moment there can be no convention representative of the "Irish race" unless it is summoned authoritatively by the Catholic church in Ireland. The Catholic church did not give its sanction to this convention. Who are officially authorized to speak for the Catholic church in Ireland?

The four Archbishops—Cardinal Logue, the primate; Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Where were the archbishops when this convention met? Why did they not attend? Because the Catholic church refuses to identify itself with any of the factions which are dragging the cause of Irish nationality through the mire. Let there be no dust throwing, let there be no lying, let the truth be told. When the four Irish archbishops think it meet to call a convention of the Irish race, then, but not till then—save in one contingency—shall such a convention assemble. The saving contingency is the appearance of an O'Connell or a Parnell; for the Church must lean in politics to the man of genius who dominates the people. But Mr. Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor have no authority to speak in the name of the Irish nation.

When the man comes he reigns supreme. When he is gone the Church succeeds. The rival of the Church is the Fenian organization, the second permanent institution in Irish politics; but the Fenians did not touch the convention. Mr. O'Brien knows right well that no organization can succeed in Ireland unless it has either the Fenians or the Church at its back, and he also knows that the Dillonite party have neither Church nor Fenians behind them. They are, in honest truth, distrusted and despised by both. It was the fortune of Parnell to draw the Fenians and the Church into line, and to command both. But that remarkable combination was destroyed the moment the Irish members raised their hands against the chief who was himself the centre of unity. Mr. Dillon, no doubt, has his personal friends among the bishops; and Mr. Healy has his. But even these bishops are day by day drawing more away from all factions. Dr. Henry, the Bishop of Down and Connor, has just dealt a mortal blow at Dillonism in Belfast. He has established a new association, in defiance of the Dillonite organizers, and he mercilessly crushed the Dillonites who attempted to thwart his plans. What have the "excitements of the Parnell anniversary" to do with the action of Dr. Henry? What have the "excitements of the Parnell anniversary" to do with the fact that out of nine Catholic bishops in Ulster there is only one ready to give the slightest support to Mr. Dillon?

Mr. O'Brien must know that at least 60 per cent of the priests of Ulster prefer Mr. Healy to Mr. Dillon. Mr. O'Brien must further know that at least one-half of the bishops and priests of Ireland are thoroughly dissatisfied with the Dillonite plan of parliamentary management. What have the "excitements of the Parnell anniversary" to do with this dissatisfaction? Were the "excitements of the Parnell anniversary" responsible for the remarkable speech delivered by Canon MacCartan at the convention, the one speech which attracted universal attention? Mr. O'Brien heard the speech. He knows Canon MacCartan well. He knows that Canon MacCartan is a supporter of Mr. Dillon. Yet the Canon denounced the parliamentary policy and tactics of the Dillonite party in language which the chairman of the convention vainly tried to check, but which many at the convention loudly applauded. Now, what has Parnellism to do with all these dissensions which are rending the anti-Parnellite party to pieces? The truth is, the "Irish race" convention settled nothing, and could settle nothing, for it had no national mandate. The Parnell anniversary may have been a bad thing or a good thing in other ways, but to make it responsible for the failure of the convention to unite the contending Irish factions is sheer nonsense.

The title of Mr. O'Brien's article in the Contemporary Review is "Was Mr. Parnell Badly Treated?" In answering the question, Mr. O'Brien gives a history of the Boulogne negotiations, and tells us that Mr. Redmond was as anxious as Mr. O'Brien himself that Mr. Parnell should retire. Assuming that this statement is true, what does it matter? Suppose Mr. Redmond was hanged tomorrow, does Mr. O'Brien imagine it would matter a dump in Irish politics? Does Mr. O'Brien seriously think that Mr. Redmond is Parnellism, and that if he were got rid of Parnellism would perish? Mr. O'Brien knows full well that Parnellism draws its strength from forces that are beyond the control of Mr. Redmond. He knows full well that Parnellism means something more than a mere expression of fidelity to the memory of the man who made the name of Ireland respected among the nations. The Irish people have lost faith in parliamentarianism; that is the fact behind Parnellism—a fact independent of Mr. Redmond and his ten colleagues. The question whether Mr. Parnell was or was not badly treated is purely academic at this time of day. But a question of practical importance is "Did Mr. Parnell's parliamentary colleagues show any real political capacity in the crisis of 1890?" That I can tell Mr. O'Brien, is the question which the Irish people often ask, and never answer in a way that would be agreeable to Mr. O'Brien's feelings.

The Irish parliamentary party know full well of the unfortunate relations which brought Mr. Parnell to his doom. Did they ever sound a note of warning? Did they ever think among themselves what should be done if that scandal was ever brought to light? They often spoke of the matter. Was there a man of them who had the moral courage to say, "Mr. Parnell, you hold a great position. This thing is openly talked about. If it be true, you cannot expect the support of the party." When the crash came, did the leading men of the party say to Mr. Parnell, "You have broken the moral law, you have sinned against God, and whatever may be the misfortune to Ireland, you must go. Your retirement will be a terrible blow to the national cause, but the moral law must be upheld." This would have been a course which would have reflected honor on the Irish party. But it was not taken. On the contrary, the whole Parliamentary party condoned the moral offense, re-elected Mr. Parnell as leader, and pledged undying fidelity to him; then the "Nonconformist conscience" awoke, Mr. Gladstone "voiced" it, and the men who had just vowed eternal fidelity to Mr. Parnell turned upon him with a haste, a fury and a bitterness which it is sorrowful and humiliating to recall. No mercy was shown to him. He was hunted like a malefactor to the grave; not, mark—and here is the sting—because he had sinned against God, but because he had embarrassed an English party.

And what has happened since his death? What proof of political capacity have the Irish parliamentary party given within the last five years? Faction, faction, faction—nothing but faction. Rivalries, jealousies, bickerings, slanders; these are the products of Parliamentarianism since the fall of Parnell—these are the things which people talk about in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien writes, I know not how many pages, about the Boulogne conference. But who cares a farthing about the Boulogne conference? What has it to do with the present issues? Only too well do those behind the scenes know that the Parliamentarians, with very few exceptions, were ready enough to throw Parnell to "the English wolves," and he knew it too.

"You abandoned the Fenians for the Constitutionalists," said a friend to him a short time before his death, "and the Constitutionalists have now abandoned you for England." "It is true," he answered sadly, "that the Constitutionalists have abandoned me, but I never abandoned the Fenians. I never changed my attitude towards them, and I never lost their confidence. It is true I pushed them to the background. They were my reserves—they are my reserves still." Let not Mr. William O'Brien blink the fact. It is not Mr. John Redmond, nor Mr. Timothy Healy, nor all that they can influence, which Mr. O'Brien and the parliamentary majority have to face. They have to face Parnell's reserves.

This is the question of the hour; not an idle controversy about the Boulogne negotiations, which, if good for anything, is only good to show how foolish and feeble Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were in the skilful hands of the strong and dexterous chief who was their master.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

ROOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. Albert Chevalier.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Lillian Russell in "An American Beauty."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—May Irwin in "The Widow Jones."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Parlor Match."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Eddie Foy in "Off the Earth."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE TERRIBLE ENGLISH SPY SYSTEM

Matters have come to such a pass in Great Britain, Ireland, and even on the continent of Europe, that no Irish-American who has, or has had, any connection whatever with Irish affairs in this country can go on a visit across the Atlantic without imminent danger of arrest and imprisonment. His accusers, as in the cases of Tynan, Kearney, Haines and Ivory, are Scotland Yard detectives or professional spies, openly and avowedly employed by the British government to enter Irish organizations in this country and "keep tab" on every man connected with them. They are, of course, the very lowest class of human vermin, but, somehow, they manage to gain a foothold in Irish societies, and, having gained one, their paid imaginations do the rest. There is no doubt whatever that the English government has covered America with a network of espionage, and American Irishmen cannot be too careful in the selection of their associates, social and political. There is a bonhomie about the average Irishman which renders him open to the advances of specious scoundrels. Although about as suspicious as the men of other races, the suspicions of the Irishman can be more easily lulled to sleep by schemers than the suspicions of a man of colder blood and less good nature. The right type of an Irishman cannot bring himself to imagine such a ghastly moral monster as LeCaron; such a crawling wretch as "Thomas Merrick Jones," if that be his name; such a cowardly, traitorous dog as the late James Carey, or such a diabolical brute as Capt. Reynolds of '98 infamy, who nursed Henry Sheares' children on his knees, while he was engaged in weaving the plot that brought their unfortunate father to the scaffold!

Associations of patriotic Irishman, no matter what their character, should be more careful about their membership. They should sift the antecedents and career of every applicant for admission to their ranks, and, above all, they should be careful of the newly-found zealot who wants to know too much—if there is anything to be found out—all at once.

The British spy system of America is, evidently, a widespread engine of destruction. God alone can help the Irish-American who, accused in London, is confronted in the witness box by the atrocious scoundrels England fosters in order to perpetuate her rule in Ireland. Who can be safe while traveling in Europe, insular or continental, against this system? Kearney and Haines were arrested on the soil of Holland; Tynan on the soil of France; Bell, or Ivory, on the soil of England. Against all four charges of the same nature were advanced. The Dutch and French governments would not credit Scotland Yard's wild tales of conspiracy, but, evidently, the English government is determined, if possible, to keep Ivory deprived of his liberty.

We published, in the last issue of THE CITIZEN, the noble speech of Michael Barrett, who was hanged for a deed of which he was totally innocent—the blowing down of the wall of Clerkenwell prison, in London. How significant was his declaration from the dock, which we quote as follows:

"In consequence of some remarks of the attorney-general and your lordship, I am compelled to advert to the evidence. I will first speak of my arrest in Glasgow, and the way in which I was smuggled to London. I was taken to the police court there and searched, and yet nothing was found which they could twist into a charge against me. I was set at liberty, and before I was liberated I gave them my name and address, which no man would have done in such a position if he had been apprehensive of being taken on a charge of murder. They afterward came to my lodgings and re-arrested me, urging as their reason the finding of a pistol, and I must express my regret that that witness was not called by the crown, for in that case I should have proved that the pistol which he alleged I fired three shots on Glasgow green was perfectly useless. This I heard from a person who was present at the police court. No one could use that pistol. I was brought up two days for examination without being once permitted to open my mouth, and I was ordered off to jail for nine or ten days with the view of allowing time for further inquiries into the case.

They found everything I told them was correct, but they found also what suited their purpose exactly—namely, that I was just recovering from a lengthened illness, and had exhausted my means, and once they got my out of Scotland I was completely in their power. I was hurried off to London, where they knew I was alone and in their power. Their nervous haste, indeed, has subjected me to the most flagrant injustice. I do not allude to the higher authorities in Glasgow, but I do to the mean, low, petty, truckling creatures who hang about police courts, and who would not hesitate to have recourse to the most vile and heinous practices to benefit themselves, or even to gain a smile of approval from their superiors. They will now congratulate themselves on the success of their schemes. I will next speak of that boy, Wheeler. When I was first confronted with him in London, after a careful and lengthened examination, and after going to a considerable distance, he was seized by a police officer, or rather a wretch wearing the uniform of one, and brought back in front of me and held by the shoulder until he was compelled to admit that he knew me. I cannot find words to express my utter contempt and detestation for a wretch who could so intimidate a child for the purpose of swearing away a fellow-creature's life. The boy's timidity in the witness box must have been apparent to all who saw him. However repulsive the act may have been, it may have been in harmony with the principles of a man who has been familiar with the dens of London thieves, and with the treachery, trickery and deceit so often found in the official costume of Scotland Yard. I would now speak of the man Bird—or rather, of that miserable Bird. He first identified O'Neill, and here comes in the treatment of the officials. After he had done so and gone away he returned, and I was called out, and in the hearing of Bird asked my name and where I was born, in the presence of the chief warder. Upon that Inspector Thomson at once took up his cue, and, coming back to the cell, said he preferred me. No doubt he did, and was desperate at the idea of losing his portion of the bribe. I will now turn to the highly respectable witnesses from Pulteney court. Here, standing and looking into the grave, I most solemnly declare that at the time those people swore I was at that place I was in Scotland: and the statements of the others are equally false."

Notwithstanding the evident truth of his statement, and the solemnity of his declaration, Barrett was hanged, because, as he said in another part of his remarkable address, no English judge or jury would believe any Irish political prisoner under oath, but, on the other hand, would believe anything sworn against him.

Exposed to such horribly perfect conviction machinery, what chance has an Irishman in England accused of political, or semi-political, offenses of any kind? Ivory is, without doubt, as innocent of the offense charged against him as Barrett was, but England can bring her spies to the witness box by the battalion, if necessary, to convict him. The American ambassador might, if he would, insist on a mixed jury, half alien to the British empire, but he is not likely to exert himself to that extent, as it might displease his English friends. Certainly, some effort should be made on this side the water to compel a fair trial—if such a thing is possible—for Ivory. No half-way decent jury would believe the oath of such a creature as "Thomas Merrick Jones"—the professional spy. An unmixed English jury, as is the custom where an Irishman is involved, will accept the statement of the very vilest perjurers.

We have a concluding word to say to all Irish societies: Pick your membership, no matter how slow the process; and don't trust any man, however plausible and seemingly patriotic, about whose past history you are ignorant.

ENGLAND OUT-HERODS THE TURK.

Humanity, including English humanity—if there be such a thing—stands appalled, or appears to do so, when the atrocities of the Turk in Armenia, and of Weyler in Cuba are mentioned. The Turk and the Spaniard are men of blood—they do their work of killing boldly and well, because they do it quickly and thoroughly. Their victims' sufferings are but brief. Scoffers will tell you the Irish famine, which starved a million and a half of people to death fifty years ago, or less, is ancient history. Everything is ancient that it does not please people to remember. But is this ancient, taken from the Irish daily papers of the beginning of this month, and having reference to evictions at Arran Islands in Ireland:

"The evicting party then proceeded to the village of Creggakapeen, where the inhabitants are extremely poor. Here they evicted John Conneely, who owed £91, five and a half years' rent. His case is most pitiable, as he lost his young wife last year, and he has three feeble orphans and his aged parents to tend to and support. The helpless family, the youngest of whom is only 2 years, were turned out, with all their effects, under the pelting rain, and at night they had no other shelter than the canopy of heaven.

"The party next went to Michael Mullen and Patrick Powell, co-tenants, who owed 21s 2d, one year's rent. Powell has seven in family, the youngest being an infant in the cradle. Being a poor man and his crops having perished by the heavy rain of September and October, he was unable to pay anything, and so his house was soon cleared by the emergencymen. It was heartrending to witness the tears of the mother when she saw the cradle and infant turned out under the rain and storm. The relieving officer begged hard for their readmittance, but Mr. Clark, the landlord's representative, was inexorable, and so the parents and weak children had no other abode than an impoverished shake down under their furniture in the damp street. * * * *

The evictions are eminently cruel, as the tenants have made whatever land there is by their own toil, covering the barren rocks with sand and seaweed carried from the shore. The valuation of Arran is £1,606, its rental £2,600."

Were ever Turkish Kurds, or Bashi Bazouks called upon to aid in anything more horrible and unchristian than the proceedings narrated above? How can England have the face to censure Abdul Amid or Gen. Weyler when she herself permits her forces in Ireland to put two-years' old children and wailing infants in the cradle out in the rain and wind and cold? What are the Irish misrepresentatives doing that they do not make the world ring with these atrocities on the robbed and tortured people?

"MORALS OF THE BATH TUB."

A great many people imagine that it is an evidence of hard work, zeal and ability to appear untidy in raiment or person. We have read of gifted slovens, like Dr. Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Marshal Suwarrow and John Philpot Curran, but few men are gifted mentally as they were, and it is probable that, had they been tidy in their persons, they would have been even greater lights of literature and war than they proved themselves. Filthy persons and filthy homes produce depraved men and women. Children should be brought up in the ways of cleanliness. Clean bodies generally cover clean souls. Slattern mothers, who allow their little ones to go unwashed and unkempt, are enemies of society. Nothing is so disgusting as a slattern housekeeper, because everything in her house is befouled by her bad example. Water costs nothing, or next to nothing, and soap very little. Yet some people live as if neither had existence. There is an excuse for poverty, but there can be no excuse for filth. Even the poorest of people can, at least, keep clean. Slovenliness is not confined to any particular race or creed. As a rule, the American people are among the cleanest in the world, but even among them, slovens and slatterns are not unknown. We excerpt the following from an admirable article bearing on this subject, in the Ladies' Home Journal for November:

"Of all the external aids to a moral life none is so potent as tidiness. An untidy man or woman soon becomes a moral sloven. Let a man be careless of his surroundings, of his companionships, of his dress, his general appearance and of his bodily habits, and it is not long before the same carelessness extends into the realm of his morals. We are all creatures of our surroundings, and we work and act as we feel. If a man lives in a home where carelessness or untidiness in his dress is overlooked, he very soon goes from one inexactitude to another. He very quickly loses himself. The moral fibre of a man, fine of itself, can soon become coarse, if the influence of his external surroundings is coarse. I believe thoroughly in the effect of a man's dress and habits of person upon his moral character. I do do not say that neatness of appearance and cleanliness of person constitute the gentlemen or the man of honor. But I do say that they are potent helps. And I would like to emphasize the importance of this belief upon the women of our homes. For it is given them to be an important factor in these helps to the betterment of the world's morality.

"The average American man is a busy creature, and amid the larger business affairs which absorb him he is apt to be neglectful of smaller things. And these smaller things generally take the form of a neglect of personal habits. Here is where the wife, mother or sister comes in. I am not by any means unconscious of the fact that the American woman is already very largely responsible for the appearance of our men. But she can be more so, and the better the appearance of our men the higher will be the standard of morality, the more potent our influence as a nation. I have often looked at men in business and wondered where their wives were when they left home. Unshaved, practically unwashed, save for a few splashes of water in the face, with either frayed or soiled linen, with clothes unbrushed or shoes unblacked, they appear at their places of business. Now, a man rarely works better than he looks; certainly never better than he feels. And if a man feels unkempt the work he does will be of the same grade. If, on the other hand, he feels clean, he works clean. The feeling of the worker inevitably communicates itself to his work.

"It is not that the majority of men are, by nature, unclean. The desire for cleanliness is born in every human being. It is simply a question whether it is developed or neglected. But, rising late, some men devote fifteen or twenty minutes to dressing, gulp down what passes for a breakfast, and rush off to their business. Now, no man, I care not how dexterous he may be, nor how simple his dress, can make himself look decent in fifteen minutes. I have heard of men who boasted that they could, and did it every morning. But I have yet to see one who did not show the results of his achievement (?) on his person. Either he is unshaved, or, if the razor is not one of his implements of necessity, the bath is neglected, his shoes lack polish, and his clothes look as if they had been thrown on instead of put on. Many men laugh at what they call these "small things." They will tell you that 'in business such things are not noticed,' that 'they cut no figure,' or that 'it is only the fop who regards these things.' But cleanliness of body and neatness of appearance are noticed in business. More than that, they are a distinct factor in a man's success. There is a great difference between the neatly-dressed man and the fop. We are too apt to go to extremes in this belief. The man of tidy appearance is an important factor in the atmosphere of his office; the fop passes for what he is: nothing. Because a man is neat in his dress he is not necessarily a fop. There is a happy and sensible medium. A man is not to be dubbed a "crank," a "feminine man" or a "fop" who is careful of his appearance at all times. Neatness is a current coin in business, and the man who refuses to believe it, or is regardless of it, makes a fatal mistake."

HENRY L. HERTZ.

A daily contemporary finds great fault with Henry L. Hertz for having held office so long, and says the people are tired of him. Has he held office any longer than some other state officers who also ran behind their ticket? Mr. Hertz may not be perfect—we would like to meet a politician who is—but he is, at least, as perfect as any of his fellow office holders. While in office, he has been invariably courteous to the public, and, unlike some others who might be named, has not forgotten his friends. We know that Mr. Hertz is not a favorite with the A. P. A., and is not loved by a certain class of people because of his prompt action in a notorious murder case; but public officers who do their full duty must expect to have enemies. Mr. Hertz, however, may rest satisfied with the victory he has won, and, certainly, THE CITIZEN is pleased to congratulate him upon it.

IN HONOR OF THE IRISH MARTYRS.

The 29th anniversary of the martyrdom of the three Irish patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, at Manchester, England, will be celebrated at Central Music hall next Monday evening, Nov. 23. It is expected that the demonstration will fully equal, if not exceed, any yet held for the same purpose. No memories should be dearer to the people of the Irish race than those of the Manchester martyrs. Their action in rescuing their leaders from the clutches of the national enemy, in the heart of one of the chief cities of that enemy, was a brave and chivalric deed. Great Britain and Ireland were virtually at war. Such "law" as England permitted in Ireland was absolutely suspended, and police and military terrorism ruled the land. It was at such a crisis that the Men of Manchester struck the blow, that, like the shot fired by the American farmers at Concord bridge, was "heard round the world." They sacrificed their lives for the leaders of their cause, but they did not shed their blood in vain. The disestablishment of the alien church in Ireland almost immediately followed their execution. More than this, they left behind them an object lesson, which taught England she was not quite as invulnerable to interior attack, as she supposed herself to be. They transferred the active war from Irish to English soil—something the English could not forgive them. They filled England with dread and covered her with humiliation, because her police fled in panic rout from a smaller force than they mustered themselves. Had not black treason revealed the plot to seize Chester castle, still another humiliation would have been added to the list of England's disasters at the hands of determined Irish rebels.

The Men of Manchester were animated by the highest spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. They had no selfish aim to subserve. The blow they struck was an open and a manly one—a blow of which their country and their country-people may well be proud. Although the bodies of "the noble-hearted three" have moldered into dust, and their last abiding place is in the dank, dismal yard of an English prison, their spirit still survives among the true ones of their race, and preserves the cause for which they died from extinction. Therefore should their memories be honored, as we know they will be next Monday evening.

The chairman of the meeting will be the ever patriotic Father M. O'Sullivan, of Lemont. The address of the Irish Nationalists will be read by the Hon. James Maher, and the oration of the evening will be delivered by the Irish Protestant clergyman, Rev. George W. Peffer, of Cleveland, Ohio.

In addition, there will be spirited vocal selections by P. J. McGrath, W. F. Ryan, Miss Mae Fleming, Miss Annie Powers and Mr. M. O'Connor. Miss Nellie M. Gillen will give a piano solo.

With so fine a programme presented for their enjoyment, the Irish-Americans of Chicago should not leave a seat vacant in Central Music hall next Monday evening.

A STRIKING SERMON.

In reading over summaries of Sunday sermons, published in the Chronicle of last Monday, we find one of the noblest and most philosophical utterances that of the Rev. Dr. Rusk, of the Militant church, which holds its services in Hooley's theatre. His subject was "The Sin of the Age," which, of course, is covetousness—the desire to become suddenly and miraculously rich, no matter at what cost. In the course of his remarks Dr. Rusk said:

"Wherever covetousness has reigned it has mowed down prince, priest and peasant. The hunger for gold overcomes lust, hunger, home, society, dress, social instincts. Gold is so precious that it will make beggars of the rich, and they moan because they have so little. What arrant cowards the metals are! When, in 1861, the cannon boomed over Charleston harbor they fled away. Men gave up their lives freely. We scarred the land with mounds we call graves, and, after the silence of peace, years after, the coward metals came back, brazen and impudent as if they had won everything.

"We should imagine great transactions; big surroundings would make men great. But human beings degenerate amidst the libraries and arts, grow bestial in the beauty of valleys and the sober, solemn shadows of the hills. It is not so much what is in the picture or book or scene; the question is what is in us. Burns saw the same grasses and dykes; the clouds scudded for others as for him: legend and folk lore was common air to Scotland, yet Burns alone brought to them and out of them the riches which have made a nation famous.

Ruskin well adds that a thing may become dangerous which at the same time is beautiful and yet retained out of use. Uselessness is the miasma which creates it. What is beautiful and useful we share; a book, a picture, a success, good news, the good. We use it and share it. Gold is beautiful and other things like jewels, but they may be retained out of use. Souls shrivel up when they do not give to the world.

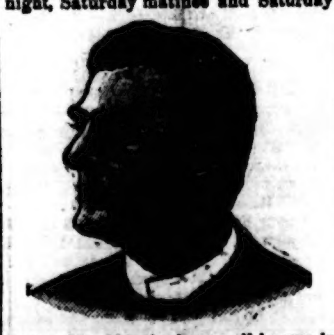
"Many great ones have fallen before this power. The headlands of liberty are strewn with wrecks. Christ himself was offered the world. Shall he who stands as the sublime figure of the ages sell himself? He stood, as others have, against the insidious purchase money.

For right is right,
As God is God.
And right is sure to win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

We all believe in the ideal, but we sell it. We do not disbelieve the Christ, we sell Him. That is the sin of the age."

JOSEPH MURPHY AT THE ALHAMBRA

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the unrivaled Irish comedian, will open a season of one week at the Alhambra, the popular family theatre of Chicago, on Nov. 22, beginning with a matinee at 2 o'clock. He will be supported by his own strong and favorite company, and will present "The Kerry Gow" on Sunday matinee, Sunday night, Monday night, Tuesday night and Wednesday night, and its companion play, "Shaus Rhue," Thursday matinee, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday matinee and Saturday



night. Mr. Murphy is so well known in connection with the two famous plays which he will present to the public that it is almost unnecessary to say anything in his praise. He is the most natural, and, therefore, the most artistic Irish actor that has ever appeared upon the stage, and while his impersonations are full of life and wit and humor, they are entirely devoid of coarseness, and of anything that might offend the most sensitive. In fact, Joseph Murphy is now, as he has ever been, since his first appearance on the stage, the premier high class Irish comedian of this generation.

AT St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, 191 LaSalle avenue, a meeting was held Tuesday afternoon to make arrangements for "pound party day," which will be Thursday, Dec. 10. At the meeting were prominent women representing the three divisions of the city. The institution on that occasion will be thrown open to the public all day. The sisters invite all their friends and benefactors and the people of the city in general to visit the house. The little children will entertain with songs, games and recitations. There will be a very attractive doll booth. There will also be a flower booth, candy booth, fancy table and grab bag. Ice cream and other refreshments will be served.

MR. BERNARD CURTIS, who was seriously ill for some weeks, is, we are happy to be able to announce, much improved, and his physician expects that he will be around again before very long.

YES—give McKinley a chance. Rome wasn't built in a day.

WE wish the people of the Twenty-fifth ward would let us have Pease.

IT is now announced that the Hon. William J. Bryan will lecture under contract, on non-partisan questions, for an indefinite period.

ALL our readers will be glad to know that Mr. George R. Peck, attorney for the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, who met with a serious accident in a Washington, D. C., hotel last Saturday night, is recovering.

LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS declines to be a candidate for the Senate. More's the pity.

MARK HANNA is doing more talking now than he did during the election period.

JOHN M. SMYTH seems to be the favorite for the Senate. No man in his party deserves it more.

THE County Democracy should repair its guillotine. Some of the chopped off heads have still the power of speech.

CITIZENS of Chicago who have missed John L. Stoddard's lecture on the Yellowstone Park, have missed the most graphic description of America's matchless wonderland ever given. Mr. Stoddard cannot help injuring railroad passenger traffic, because those who see and hear his lecture are as much among the scenes he describes at Central Music hall as if they were in the National Park itself.

JOE CANNON is also after the senatorship. We always took Cannon for a big gun.

WHY should not Shelby M. Cullom be in the cabinet? His keel was laid in Kentucky and, like Lincoln, he was launched in Illinois.

WHEN England liberated Mrs. Marble, of San Francisco, convicted of shop lifting while suffering from kleptomania, she emphatically proved that she has a marble heart.

THE opening ball and reception of the Sheridan club was given at the club rooms, No. 4100 Michigan avenue, Wednesday evening, and was a splendid social success.

THE friends of the Visitation and Aid society gave their sixth annual dinner at the Columbus club on Thursday evening.

OBITUARY.

MRS. BRIDGET MAHONY.

Mrs. Bridget Mahony, mother of Ald. W. F. Mahony and aunt of Mr. John J. Mahony, President of the United Irish Societies, died at her residence on Wabash avenue, near Thirty-second street, last Monday, in the 65th year of her age. She was a native of the County Tipperary, Ireland, and her name before marriage was Miss Bridget Kilkeary. She came to America very early in life, and had been a resident of this city for a long period. In fact she might be classed among the old settlers. Two of her daughters are Mrs. Catherine Stenson and Mrs. Thomas Deveney, both residents of Chicago. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning from the residence to St. James' church, and was very largely attended. High mass of requiem was celebrated, and, at its conclusion, the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by a long line of carriages. Requiescat in pace.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Owing to the meeting of the Lyceum falling on Thanksgiving night this month the same has been postponed until the following evening, Friday, Nov. 27. The meeting will be held, as usual, in Oxford hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street, at 8:30 p. m. sharp. A full attendance of members is requested, as the officers for the ensuing year will be elected. Free admission tickets and all information can be had on application to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, No. 194 Dearborn avenue.

Funeral of Brother Francis.

NOTRE DAME, Ind., Nov. 14.—With all the solemn ceremonies with which the Roman Catholic church honors her illustrious dead, Brother Francis Xavier was buried this morning in the cemetery of the Holy Cross order. The deceased was the oldest member of the community, and one of the five brothers who accompanied the founder of the University of Notre Dame to the wilds of Indiana from France in 1841. He was the last survivor of this illustrious band, and one of the most picturesque figures at Notre Dame.

The brother's name in the world was Reynault Patois. He was born at Clermont, France, in 1820. His death, which is deeply mourned by the many who knew him, was peaceful and due to old age.

"I Have taken Hood's Pills for bowel trouble. I was afflicted for about two years, and did not find any relief until I began taking Hood's Pills."—C. A. Radatz, 1603 N. Leavitt-st., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

"Béir buaidh agus beannacht," ar Conán, "óir is fear feasach fíor-eolach thú, agus is árghárdughadh meanman agus aigeanta dhamh bheith ag éisdiocht riot; agus abair liom anois, a fhlaith Fhéinne, cia is feárr agus is measa, cia is mó agus is lúgha, cia is luaithe agus is maille i bh-Fiannaigheacht?"

"Me-sí féin is feárr," ar Fionn, "agus Deara Dubh ó Dhubh-shliabh duine is measa dhíobh: óir ní dubhairt riamh aon fhocal ré neach acht eithis agus imdheargadh; agus an t-é chidh-feadh ar chédhlongadh é ní dhéanadh a leas an lá sin; agus Liagán Luaimneach ó Luschair Dheaghaidh duine is luaithe dhíobh; agus Life Leisgeamhail, giolla teine cheire na h-Almhaine, duine is maille dhíobh; óir is é siúbhal lae samhra is mó do rinne riamh, teacht ó n tobar atá i n-dorus na h-Almhaine gus a leaba féin i d-tigh na bruighne; agus Daolgas mac Dubhgholle, duine is aoirde dhíobh, agus mac Mine, eadhon, an t-abhac beag, duine is lúgha dhíobh: gurab é sin fuasgladh do cheiste, a Chonáin," ar Fionn, "agus ná biodhmaoid mar so ní bhus mó; má tá lucht oirfide no ealadhan agaibh tugthar chugainn iad, óir ní gnáthach liomsa bheith aon oidhche gan ceol."

"Innis uait dham créad iad na ceoil is binne leat fuaráis riamh?" ar Conán.

"Inneosad," ar Fionn, "An tán do bhi seacht g-catha na gnáith Fhéinne ar aon mhágh, agus tógbhaid a g-crannghoil ós a g-ceannaibh, agus ghluaisios an ghaoth ghlórach ghaibhtheach ghlan-fhuar, thriotha agus társa, is ró bhinn liom sin; agus an tan oirleagthar teach n-óla againn i n-Almhuin, agus an tan dháilid na dáileamhain na gorainn caomh-ghlana do mhaithibh na Feinne, an bhlosg-bhéim bheirid a n-deire sin ag buain fá bhórdaibh na Bruighne, is ró bhinn liom sin. Is binn liom foghar faoileann, agus coigidil na g-cor agus fuaim faoileann, agus coigidil na g-cor agus fuaim toinne Tráigh-lidhe, agus abhrán trí mic Mearduibhe: agus fead mhic Lúghaidh, agus dórd Fearsgaraidh, agus guith na cuaiche an chéad mhiosa do shamhra; agus sgéamhghoil na muc i mágh E'ine: agus nuall na sgol i n-Doire," agus adúbhairt an laoi:

"Dórd na feadha bárr-ghlas,
Hán-dig toinne ag buan re tráigh;
No fóghair toinne Tráigh-lighe,
Buaint res an Laei m-bric m-bán.

"Triar thánaic 'san bh-Féinn.
Fear diobh seimh, a's fear diobh borb;
Fear eile ag áireamh na neóll,
Ba bhinne 'ná gach ceol a d-toradh.

"An ronnsa glas ar an muir,
An uair nach fághaidh fear a long;
Liontán do bheir lasg i d-tir,
Ceol a g-codalta, binn a d-toradh.

"Feargaill mac Fhinn, fear ba dían,
Fada a léim, leabhair a long:
Nior chum sgeul nár sgaoil a rún,
Ceol codalta ilom a d-toradh."

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

"Win victory and blessings, said Conan, "because you are truly an intelligent and learned man, and it contributes much to my satisfaction and amusement to listen to you, and tell me now, O Fenian Prince, who are the best and the worst; who are the largest and the smallest; who are the swiftest and the slowest men in the Fenian ranks?"

"I myself," replied Fionn, "am the best man; Deara Dubh from Dubh-Shliabh is the worst man among them; for he never yet spoke a word to any person except reproach and provocation; and whoever while fasting, saw him in the morning could do no good during that day. Liagan Luaimneach (the swift), from Luachair Dheaghaidh, is the swiftest among them; and Life Leisgeamhail (the slothful), the fire-lighter (fireman) of Almhain, is the slowest among them; for it is the longest journey he ever made during the length of a summer's day, to walk from the fountain at the gate of Almhain to his own bed in the house. Daolgas, son of Dubhgoile, is the tallest man, and Mac Minne, the little dwarf, is the smallest man among them. This, then, is the solution of your query, O Conan," replied Fionn; "but let us not continue as we are any longer; if you have musicians, or skilled performers, let them be brought forward, for it is not my habit to pass any one night without music."

"Tell me," said Conan, "which are the sweetest strains you ever enjoyed?"

"I will tell you," replied Fionn. "When the seven constant battalions of the Fenians assemble on one plain and raise their battle shafts above their heads, then when the howling whistling blast of the dry, cold wind rushes through them and over them, that is very sweet to me. When the drinking hall is furnished in Almhain, and the cup-bearers hand the bright cups of chaste workmanship to the chiefs of the Fenians, the ring of the cups, when drained to the last drop, on the tables of the Bruighin is very sweet to me. Sweet to me is the scream of the seagull, and of the heron, the roar of the waves on Tragh-lidhe (Tralee), the song of the three sons of Meardha, the whistling of Mac Lughaidh, the Dord* of Fearsgaradh, the voice of the cuckoo in the first month of summer, the grunting of the hogs on Magh Eitne, and the echo of loud laughter in Derry"† And he sung this lay:

"The Dord of the green-topped woods,
The dashing of the wave against the shore;
Or the force of the waves at Tralee,
When they meet the Lee of the white trout.

Three (men) who joined the Fenians,
One of them was gentle, one was fierce;
Another was contemplating the stars,
They were sweeter than any melody.

The azure wave of the ocean,
When a man cannot distinguish its course,
A swell that sweeps fish upon dry land
A melody to lull to sleep—sweet its effect.

Feargaill, son of Fionn, a man quick in execution,
Long and smooth the career of his glory,
Never composed a melody which did not reveal his mind,
A lulling repose to me were his strains.

*Dord, the bass in music.

†This passage may also be translated "the hum of the schools in the oak wood."

(LE RHEITH LEANTA).

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 8:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED

Agent to sell the Memorial of the NEW MOVEMENT CONVENTION, containing biographical sketches and portraits of over 100 illustrious and representative Irish Nationalists. Introduction by John F. Finerty. Send $1.50 for outfit and go to work at once. Address,
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269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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Extraordinary

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JOSEPH MURPHY,

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Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE.

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Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights and Sunday Matinee,

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KERRY GOW.

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NO WEDNESDAY MATINEE.

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Pudding Pans,

Enameled on best quality steel, enamel put on to stay, capacity 8 qts., for tomorrow only, each,

19 cents.

ENAMELED
Tea or Coffee Pots,

Guaranteed best quality enameled ware, capacity 2 qts. nicely finished, same as always sold at 50 cents, your choice tomorrow only, each,

19 cents.

4-qt. Enameled Preserving Kettle, will fit a No. 8 stove, and the same quality others are getting 60c each for, guaranteed perfect in every respect. Now is your chance—tomorrow only, each **24c**

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Extra quality, every pan warranted perfect, and none better made at any price. Take your choice tomorrow only, any size, any shape, this sale only, each **9c**

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Genuine Sheffield Carving Knives and Forks, full size, genuine buckhorn handle, 8-in. blade, highly polished and medium tempered steel, with the famous continuous riveted bolt, special sale, each..... **19 cents**

Christie Pattern Carving Set—Famous Christie Pattern Carving Set, consisting of knife and fork, 10-inch blade, steel handle, highly polished, solid steel twist shank, ground, sharpened and ready for use, special sale, each..... **19 cents**

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Finest quality Sweet Sugar Corn, 2-lb. cans, per can, **4¾ cents.**

Per case of 24 cans, **$1.09**

2-lb. cans Early June Peas, per can, **5¼ cents.**

Per case of 24 2-lb. cans, **$1.35**

Extra quality new (1896) pack selected Early June Peas, very fine flavor, 2-lb. cans, per can, **7½ cents.**

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1-lb cans Fancy Imported French Peas, per can	9 cents
1-lb pkg. Good Laundry Starch	2 cents
Aunt Emily Pancake Flour, per pkg	5 cents
5 rolls good Toilet Paper for	4 cents
¼-lb can Silver Crescent Baking Powder	3 cents
Candied Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb	7½ cents
20 lbs bulk Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for	29 cents
Premium Chocolate, per lb	22 cents
Good Mixed Candy, per lb	5 cents
Best Quality Gum Drops, per lb	3 cents
Good New Mixed Nuts, per lb	9 cents
New English Walnuts, per lb	5 cents
Tarragona Soft Shell Almonds, per lb	9 cents
Pure Strained Honey, per glass	10 cents
Pure Fruit Preserves, per glass	5 cents
1½-lb cans Imported Scotch Kippered Herring, per can	13 cents
2-lb can Red Cherries, per can	5 cents
3-lb can Red Ripe Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	6½ cents
3-lb cans California Table Peaches, per can	10 cents
3-lb cans California Bartlett Pears, per can	12 cents
Best Quality Condensed Milk, per can	7 cents
A 50-lb box California Dried Pears for	75 cents
A 50-lb box Evaporated White Dried Apples for	$1.75
20 lbs California Dried Peaches for	$1.00
A 25-lb box California White Heath Peaches for	98 cents
Fancy New Layer Figs, per lb	10 cents
3-lb cans "Extras" California Egg Plums	10 cents

25 cts. Per lb. for After-Dinner Java Coffee.

Cereal Blend Roasted Coffee, per lb....14 cents
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"J Ambrosia," the finest Uncolored Japan Tea brought to this country, per lb	35 cents
A very nice, smooth drinking Gunpowder Tea, per lb	25 cents
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The quality is excellent, but they weren't elected, that's why the pencils sell so cheap.	
Good square Ash Sieves, each	1 cent
Aunt Emily Pancake Flour, per pkg	5 cents
SHELLED NUTS Shelled Black Walnuts, Shelled Filberts, Shelled Almonds	Per lb., 25 cents
32-ounce bottle Spanish Queen Olives	25 cents
Silver Top Pepper Bottles, filled with pepper, each	5 cents
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder	15 cents
Best Hand-Picked Navy Beans, per bushel	$1.19
A 3-lb. Pail Good Quality Butterine for	99 cents
A 3-lb. Pail Reliable Dairy Butterine for	$1.25
A 3-lb. Pail Purity Creamery Butterine for	$1.50
CHEESE Fancy Brick Cheese, Fancy Swiss Cheese, Good American Cheese, Good Limburger Cheese	Per lb., 9 cents
Edam Cheese, in foil, each, 60 cents; Neufchatel Cheese, each	3 cents
Roquefort Cheese, per lb., 35 cents; Fromage de Brie, per lb	20 cents

Owing to the recent advances in the price of wheat we would suggest that you buy your winter's supply of Flour now. We are still selling *All Old Wheat Flour.*

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FLOUR.

Our H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best Minnesota Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills in Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.
Price per brl **$4.59**

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49-pound bag	$1.14
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Imported Leaf, guaranteed clear Havana, 5 cents each; box of 50	$2.25
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Golden Sweepers, Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, 10 for 25 cents; box of 100	$1.80
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Box of 25 good Cigars	30 cents
LaGloria, Long Spanish Filler, fine Connecticut wrapper—box of 50	90 cents
Match Me, Long Spanish Filler, Havana Seed Wrapper—small, but a very fine smoke—box of 50	75 cents
Sweet Clippings Smoking, per lb	14 cents
Battle Ax Plug, per lb	17 cents
Newsboy Plug, per lb	26 cents
Red Cross Smoking, per lb	26 cents
Mail Pouch Smoking, per lb	26 cents
Horse Shoe Plug, per lb	32 cents

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF MARTIN KEATING, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Keating, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 5, 1896.

MARY KEATING, Administratrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administratrix.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

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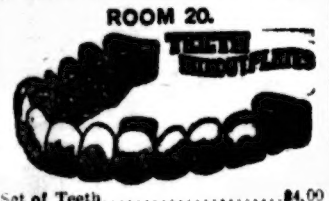

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ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,

Will Be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1896.

PROGRAMME:

1. Opening Address by the Chairman of the evening.....Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of Lemont, Ill.
2. Song.....J. P. McGrath
3. Piano Solo.....Miss Nellie M. Gillen
4. Song.....W. H. Ryan
5. Reading Address of Irish Nationalists of Chicago.....James Maher
6. Song.....Miss Mae Flemming
7. Address by the Speaker of the evening.....Rev. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, O.
8. Song.....Miss Annie Powers
9. Recitation.....M. W. Gleason
10. Song.....M. O'Connor
11. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

Can be exchanged at Box Office for Reserved Seats three days previous to entertainment.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF BARTHOLOMEW TOBIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bartholomew Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administratrix

ESTATE OF MARY TOBIN DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN, Executrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executrix.

ESTATE OF CHARLES McCARTHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles McCarthy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

LAWRENCE P. O'REILLY, Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administrator.

ESTATE OF MARY K. O'CONNELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary K. O'Connell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to present such claims for the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

RICHARD [illegible], Executor.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executor.

NIGHTFALL.

The day is done.
And in the dark'ning interval
Ere night's begun
We pause to think on triumphs gained
And treasures lost,
And find that we have waited long
To count the cost.

The morn was fair—
No stormclouds hovered near our sky
Nor hint of care;
The sunbeams danced across our path,
And life seemed bright.
So long we dallied on our way,
Shade foretold night.

The day is done.
And so we sit and think it o'er.
Our race is run.
Duties neglected till too late,
Are treasures lost.
Our triumphs, friendship, love, content
Do we count the cost?
—Housekeeper.

PETHERICK'S PERIL.

I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea fowl make their nests along the face of those wave worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement and sometimes a good deal of pocket money by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest. When he had his basket full, they would haul him up and another would go down.

Well, one afternoon I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go.

You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop 600 feet into the sea and then be 40 or 50 feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping; then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top. Under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one lad would swing like a pendulum on the rope and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging.

Well, the ledge I reached was like this: It was some ten feet wide. It stuck out maybe some six feet farther than the cliff top. The rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, 500 feet below, ran in under it nigh 50 feet.

As I went down thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as a sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching along as far as the ledge itself and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea fowl below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were thousands on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread and keep the air in vast clouds.

The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror. There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard packed, root threaded soil with which it was filled. Forcibly I pressed back and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening before my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and, with a shudder and a groan and a roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below. I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff and 500 feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe. Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water. It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail and swept her out of sight.

Not till then did my thought dwell entirely on my own position. Not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness. Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen. Shuddering, I pressed hard again the solid wall at my back. An appalling cold slowly crept through me. My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap. All the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped. I felt the swooning helplessness of falling and the cold, upward rush of air.

Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and, though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not. I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet.

Suddenly these words flashed to my brain: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly and somewhat more distant the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps 300 yards distant.

It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!

Shuffling sidewise very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. Imagine trying to move sidewise, incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down from end to end 300 feet! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face first at full length, clutch by your hands and, with shut eyes, feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible.

The wall at my back made it worse. The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward.

I knew that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

In the depth below the myriad sea fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to whitecaps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had arisen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feelings, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it tortoiselike between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice and gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no fear in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff side had given my strained nerves some relief. To my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of his regard. Once more my muscles became firm strung.

A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope; hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that, while almost in my clutch, it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force. An outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps, my following foot striking hard against that before, sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tiptoe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward; that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid. Much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster, more wildly I stepped; in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen. Wildly I looked over the other. No rope! Almighty God!

But what? Yes, it moves! It sways in sight! It disappears, to return again to view. There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes, and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath — I offered deep thanks to God for the delivery that seemed so near.

I stood there for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway toward me? I could hope for that.

But could I grasp it? Should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not and if I grasped it and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate. I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach. Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind it swung outward, as though the air was eddying from the wall.

Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No; the leap would be death. That at least was clear.

Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyrations by a strong leap.

But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all this time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and, as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave—gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm, and I swung, turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit of my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

When I awakened, my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong I found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.—F. W. Thompson.

THE FINEST WRITING

CONTENTS OF TWENTY BIBLES ON A THUMB'S BREADTH.

The Lord's Prayer Obscured by a Small Speck of Dust—How the Wonderful Minute Writing Is Done Without Any Kind of Magnifying Power.

The wildest dream of fine postal card writing fails to be of interest when compared with what has been written on glass with a diamond point. So marvelously fine are the marks that have been traced on glass that when, by means of a powerful microscope, we clearly read the words covered by a speck when seen with the naked eye it is difficult to realize the fullness of the fact presented.

Think of legible writing so fine that 20 copies of the entire Bible can be written in the narrow space of one square inch! Yet such there is in existence and can be produced without any great difficulty.

Particular attention was called to this strange fact by Mr. Stephen Helm of 628 Columbus avenue, a member of the New York Microscopical society and a fellow of the Royal society of London.

"The Herald's account of the wonderfully fine writing produced by Mr. Charles S. Monnier on a postal card is very interesting," said Mr. Helm as he sat by his microscope with a bit of glass in his hand that showed a black ring in its center about the size of a silver 3 cent piece. "His accomplishment is quite wonderful, but it is nothing compared with what is on this glass."

I took the glass, but could see nothing within the little black ring, but with the use of a small hand lens a speck became apparent.

"That is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Helm. "It contains 227 letters and is written within the five-hundredth part of a square inch. In other words, the space it covers is one-twentieth by one-twenty-fifth of an inch, and 500 of such spaces are contained within the bounds of a single square inch, which at the same rate would contain 113,500 letters. Look at it and read the words."

The bit of glass was adjusted under the microscope, and there, in good, plain writing, was the Lord's Prayer, as easily read as the words in this paragraph. As I read the lines a single speck of dust that floated unobserved before our eyes settled on the glass slide and obscured the entire prayer.

"This writing is not regarded by microscopists familiar with minute forms as anything wonderful," said Mr. Helm, "but the postal card story makes it of general public interest. Now, look at this slide."

The glass slide referred to was similar to the other, and within the little black circle marked on it there was no mark to be seen with the naked eye or with the strongest hand magnifying glass.

"You can see nothing there," continued Mr. Helm; "neither can you under an ordinary microscope, but the same prayer is written there as on the other glass, only, as compared with the other, the space is as a New York city lot compared with a Dutchess county farm. Look at it under the strongest power my microscope is capable of."

There it was, the Lord's Prayer, in the same handwriting as the other, both being done by Professor Webb of the Royal Microscopical society, but ever so much smaller.

"The larger writing, as I told you," said Mr. Helm, "covers a space measured by one-twentieth of an inch one way and one-twenty-fifth the other. This one covers a space measured by one-five-hundredth part of an inch in one direction and one-six-hundred and fifty-third part of an inch in the other direction. In other words, it means that with writing of that size 74,115,500 letters can be placed in a single square inch. The force of this is easier comprehended when we remember that the Bible contains 3,568,480 letters, which means that the entire Christian Scriptures can be written legibly, 20 times repeated, within the space of a single square inch and have considerable vacant space left."

This wonderfully minute writing, which requires a microscope magnifying 600 diameters to make it readable, is not produced by the use of any magnifying power, but by moving the hand and forming the letters as in ordinary very fine writing. The pen that is used is connected with a series of levers that reach a distance of six feet, where is placed the glass slide to be written on. These levers are so adjusted that the motion of the end nearest the glass slide is much less than that of the other end, so that the amount of motion is lessened as it travels along the successive levers, until, when it reaches the delicate end armed with a minute diamond that rests on the glass surface, it is reduced to the required fineness.

Thus, while the hand of the operator is covering with writing a sheet of paper six by nine inches in size, the letters he forms are duplicated on the glass by the cutting diamond within the space of one-five-hundredth part of a square inch.—New York Herald.

A French Epitaph.

An epitaph as curious in its way as any of the quaint and ingenious gravestone inscriptions recorded of late occurs on a tombstone in the cemetery of a suburb of Paris. The husband died first, and beneath the record of his name was placed, at his request, the line: "I am anxiously awaiting you. July 30, 1827." When his widow died, 40 years after, the following line completed her inscription: "Here I am. Sept. 9, 1867."—Westminster Gazette.

Among the Bohemians.

"Where do you dine tonight?"
"I do not dine. And you?"
"Nor do I."
"Very good. Let us dine together."
—Courier des Etats Unis.

HOSTESSES.

The Differences Found Between Those of France and England.

The guest at an English country house will be struck at once with the spirit of individualism that seems to run riot. While there are plenty of things going on that include everybody in the house, there are so many possibilities in the way of individual entertainment and such perfect liberty to follow them. The guest may be perfectly sure when the dates of the beginning and termination of his visit are given him by his hostess that those dates are the convenient, ones and there need be no discussion on that point. Nobody waits breakfast for a guest, so that lateness to that meal is not a rudeness, and breakfast is on the table for an extended period of time. A little attention on which European households in general lay great stress is the carrying to a guest's room early in the morning of a cup of tea and toast. After breakfast, in England, the guest is left to himself, generally speaking, to write letters, read, walk or talk with other guests, the hostess having her morning well filled, though in many instances, of course, a guest may spend the morning with some member of the family.

Lunch is in some households a fixed meal, but is more often a movable feast, like breakfast. After lunch is the time when the hostess devotes herself to the entertainment of her guests, though it is not discourteous in a guest, if there is a house full, to have something special to do. At afternoon tea, which is served from 4 to 6 always, guests gather, and callers are apt to come, so that is a general gathering. It is dinner, however, that is the sacred institution, and anything but absolute unpunctuality is forgivable unless it be in a very favored individual. If there is more than one guest in the house, the host and hostess will not have invitations out to dine, but sometimes if there is a large family and only one guest they may go out, leaving the guest to the rest of the family, with perhaps somebody invited to meet him. After dinner there may be an evening of chatting, or there may be a distinct social event. Before going to bed there is a light supper, which is apt to be a jolly little meal, and is taken in the dining room without the attendance of the servants.

The visitor to the French country house will be struck at once with the greater strictness of observance and the "clannishness" of the house party. The meals are at fixed hours, and the old customs of chateau life are followed to a delightful extent. The women working at embroidery on the lovely lawn, with a background of firs against the chateau, with the men entertaining them, make a picture that looks as if it came from a book. This is the afternoon or rather the late forenoon programme, and driving or riding is generally done in a large party, usually in the early afternoon. If there is hunting, the men may go off alone, leaving the women, or they may all go together. It may be in the early morning, returning for dejeuner, or it may be for all day, with lunch in the woods or fields. The curious care surrounding the young girl in France is nowhere more plainly shown than at these country house parties. The conversation of the dinner table, if any young girl be present, is carefully regulated with a view to disturbing in nowise her youthful outlook. In England a very young girl may be kept away from the dinner table, but if she is old enough to attend that meal no care such as this is exercised.

Frenchwomen take exceeding care in the matter of dress here as everywhere, and the rather easy ways of English country life would not be allowed. Attendance at early mass at the village church is almost obligatory, and very quiet dressing is de rigueur. A curious bit of the extreme conventionalism is that caps of any sort are not admissible except during some game, and hats are worn as elaborately as in the city.

The custom of tipping servants in the houses of friends is one common to all Europe, though the system is more fully developed in England than anywhere else. The custom of a fixed date for the visit is not so closely followed in France as in England, though, of course, its convenience makes it known everywhere to people who entertain a great deal.—Springfield Republican.

Only Dry.

"Peter Hoey, masquerading in female attire!" called the clerk of the police court.

"Not guilty, yer anner," promptly responded a big, red faced man in a calico Mother Hubbard and with a sunbonnet filled with red whiskers.

"Not guilty," repeated the police judge in surprise as he surveyed the figure.

"That's right, yer anner, not guilty."

"Why, you still have on the female attire."

"If I didn't, yer anner would change the charge to undue exposure. It's all I've got, yer anner."

"But you went on the street in that attire."

"Yis, yer anner, but I was not goin to any masquerade. I was just goin to get a drink. When I was asleep, the owld lady took my clothes an hid 'em to keep me home. There ain't no law compellin a man to stay in bed till his wife brings his clothes, is there, judge?"

"No."

"An there ain't no law forcin a man to go dry when he's thirsty, is there?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then that's all there was to it. I was dry, an, havin no clothes, I took the owld woman's. If anybody's got a kick a-comin, it's me at bein compelled to wear these."

The judge coincided, and Peter went home with the Mother Hubbard tucked in a pair of prison overalls.—San Francisco Post.

Pope Leo owns a pearl which the experts say is worth $100,000 in gold.

Just Like a Woman.

Clement Howell was sprinting home the other evening when he saw a young woman in advance of him putting in her best laps for the same destination. He knew she had run over to the drug store on the corner and probably left the front door of the house open as a sort of protection. And she carried her pocketbook loosely in her hand.

Clement decided to give her a lesson. She heard his steps, but did not recognize his particular hoof beat and besides wanted to get home before her husband did, for she was happily married, as the novels say. But when a hand suddenly reached from behind and seized her pocketbook, which she was easily persuaded to give up, she shote the evening air with screams a yard and a half long.

"Don't shoot!" she yelled. "Take my money, but spare, oh, spare my life!"

"Hush up!" said the voice of her husband. "You'll have the police here."

Sure enough, one of the force grasped the smart Clement by the collar and wrested the pocketbook from him.

"I had my eye on you, young feller, and I'll have you in the patrol wagon in a jiffy."

"But it's a joke. This lady is my wife," protested Clem.

"Tell that to the judge," said the copper, with a sly wink. Then, to the young woman, who had stopped screaming, "Here's your pocketbook, miss, and you'll be summoned as a witness."

"Oh, he is my husband! He only wanted to frighten me," she sobbed.

A good deal of explaining had to be done before the policeman would relinquish his hold. Then Clement Howell told his wife that she could see how easy it was for a robber to snatch her purse when she was so careless as to carry it in her hand.

"I should have hated awfully to lose it," she said, "for it was your Christmas present to me."

"How much was in it?" asked her husband.

"Not a single cent."—Detroit Free Press.

The "Skeeters" Cured the Snake Bite.

In front of the big commissary store at Fairford, Ala., is a long, wide gallery that affords a pleasant refuge for a numerous gathering of males of the neighborhood who have nothing to do but to come there and talk. The following tale was told by a lean, cadaverous old man:

"Did y' ever hear," said he, "about how Hank Beaseley got bit down in the Bigbee bottoms by a big blunt tail moccasin and how he got rid of the pizen without nary drop of whisky and no doctorin? He was a-goin 'long down through the swamp barefoot, his pants rolled up to his knees, a-keepin his eye peeled for good cypress to cut and log soon as the water got high enough, when he steps square on to the snake, which to oncet quiled round his bare leg and bit him three times 'fore Hank could kick it loose. Hank just set into runnin his durndest, makin for high ground and Martin Duffy's shack, where he knowed there was a jug of whisky. Course he was terrible skeered and not payin much 'tention to things in his way, just givin his whole soul to fast movin, when he busted his head 'gin a low limb and got knocked silly. He fell over a log and lay there, his feet h'isted up in the air atop the log and his head layin down in the warm mud, knowin nothin, while 'bout a billion skeeters settled down on him, payin 'tention special to them bit places on his legs, where the blood was runnin and easy to get at. Bimeby Hank come to and riz up, feelin mighty weak and dizzy. He looked round, and the first thing he see was bushels of dead skeeters lyin in a big gray pile up agin that log, where his legs had been restin, and they'd sucked the last drop of that pizen outen Hank, which was why they was dead. It saved him, and he ain't felt no soreness nor trouble, only he'd lost so much blood 'long with the pizen that he was weak and tottery for more than a month."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Prussia Was Saved.

A lesson might have been learned from the war of the Revolution—for in that war the capital of the country was changed no fewer than nine times and the British armies marched from one end of the 13 colonies to the other and yet America was not conquered—or from that greatest defensive war of ancient or modern times wherein Frederick II of Prussia maintained the independence of his country against combined continental Europe. With the Austrian armies in his front, the French on his flanks, and the Russians and the Swedes pillaging his capital in his rear not a battalion of his army would be risked merely to hold territory. For six of these seven bloody years he did not even see his capital. "Let the frontiers and the capital take care of themselves. The heart of Prussia is her army!" And so, attacking and retreating, marching and countermarching, delivering terrible blows whenever he could strike to advantage, always keeping his men together and preventing his enemies from concentrating, he fought on, furiously, desperately, until the fortune of war changed and the last foe was driven from his country. For himself he won the well deserved title of "the great." Prussia he saved from the fate of Poland, and for all succeeding ages he showed how a defensive war against superior numbers ought to be fought. Such were the results of the policy of concentration.—Duncan Rose in Century.

Worthy of His Namesake.

The popular journalist, Charles Lamb Kenney, namesake of the great Charles Lamb, while dining with a friend, happened to swallow a bit of cork with his wine. He was immediately seized with a severe fit of coughing. His next neighbor at a table, making a brilliant attempt at a joke, said, "My friend, that's not the way to Cork." "No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenn—"—Voice.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Nelson Said It Was a Conquest, Not a More Victory.

Eleven out of 13 French ships of the line had been taken or destroyed and two of the four frigates. It was not a victory; it was a conquest. So wrote Nelson regarding it. It is unnecessary here to speak of the titles and rewards which were showered on the victor. It is of more real interest to consider the true significance of the victory, the sense in which it could be said to be a conquest. In England we have too much accustomed ourselves to look on it merely as the most brilliant of sea fights, and in France it has been spoken of as a reverse indeed, but one which cannot cloud the splendor of the battle of the Pyramids. None the less, it was the conquest of Egypt; it was the isolation and virtual imprisonment of the French army.

Bonaparte understood this from the first, and after a vain and hopeless campaign in Syria—hopeless against the power which commanded the communications by sea—he made an ignominious flight, leaving Kleber to get the army out of the mess in which he had put it. Nelson, too, understood it and wrote on Aug. 11: "The French army is in a scrape. They are up the Nile without supplies. The inhabitants will allow nothing to pass by land, nor H. N. by water. Their army is wasting with the flux, and not 1,000 men will ever return to Europe." And some months later, March 22, 1799, he wrote: "The embassador of Bonaparte has been intercepted by Troubridge on his way to Constantinople, and among other articles of his instructions is an offer to enter on terms for his quitting Egypt with his army. This offer is what I have long expected the glorious battle of the Nile would produce, but it was my determination from that moment never, if I could help it, to permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt. To Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain while Nelson commands the detached squadron."

A letter from Kleber to the directory, written only a month after Bonaparte had deserted his post, reveals the hopelessness which was felt. "I know," he wrote, "all the importance of the possession of Egypt. I used to say in Europe that this country was for France the fulcrum by means of which she might move at will the commercial system of every quarter of the globe. But to do this effectually a powerful lever is required, and that lever is a navy. Ours has ceased to exist. Since that period everything has changed, and peace with the porte is, in my opinion, the only expedient."—Cornhill Magazine.

A NOBLE SURGEON.

He Saved a Patient's Life at the Peril of His Own.

A certain London hospital has on its staff of physicians one man at least whose heroism has been demonstrated, and his corpselike pallor and faltering gait, although he is in his prime, bear daily witness to this fact.

"It happened ten years ago," said one of the hospital clerks in telling the story, "just after the doctor became a visiting surgeon here. A woman was brought in suffering from a cancerous growth that must in the end prove fatal. The house surgeon in charge, a young man, advised an immediate operation, and he and his assistants were in the midst of it when the visiting surgeon arrived.

"A student was handling the knife and had laid bare the life destroying cause.

"'Careful, careful,' exclaimed the visiting surgeon as the student dexterously cut the flesh. 'If you sever that artery, she may die under the knife.'

"The warning came late, the knife had slit the artery, and the blood leaped into the wound.

"The visiting surgeon had a small cut on his forefinger. To seize the artery so as to stop the flow of blood would necessarily bring the cut in contact with the bacilli of cancer. A moment's delay, on the other hand, meant, perhaps, the woman's death.

"Without an instant's hesitation the surgeon's trained fingers had gripped the artery, which he held firmly until it could be ligatured. It prolonged the woman's life a few months," continued the narrator, "but the poison got into the doctor's system, and he lay at the point of death for weeks."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was True.

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had a fellow passenger, a man worth $30,000,000, who had gotten on at Buffalo. I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he replied:

"Dat's what dey say, sah, but yo' can't allus tell. He's in de next car, but I can't dun say if he's rich till mawnin."

Next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment and said:

"Dat story was all true, sah."

"Then he's worth $30,000,000, eh?"

"All of dat, sah, an mebbe mo'."

"How did you find out?"

"From de odder po'tah, sah. De gemman has jest gin him 10 cents, while everybody else has cum down wid a quarter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Pepper Berries.

When the berries on a spike of the pepper plant begin to turn red, the spike is cut off and the berries gathered. If left too long, until perfect ripeness is attained, there is a great loss occasioned by the berries falling off, and the quality of the product is by no means so good.

De Candolles made a very careful examination, historically and botanically, of the origin of wheat, and claims that its native home was in the plateau of Armenia, where it is still found to be growing wild.

Rice was first grown in 1695 from seed brought from the East Indies.

CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Freaks of the Temperature and Topography In San Francisco.

San Francisco sprawls over a sandy peninsula shaped like a clinched fist, with its face to the east and the noble, landlocked bay which the navies of the world would not crowd, and with its back to the Pacific ocean, which rolls in without a break from China, 7,000 miles away. It covers an area of 20 square miles, though much of this is built over in straggling fashion. It has thrice as many hills as Rome boasted of, but over the highest of these the cable cars climb. Seen from the bay at night, the spectacle is superb, as the streets are transformed into parallel lines of twinkling lights that seem to ascend, like Jacob's ladder, to the stars. Justin McCarthy in "Lady Judith" gives the most poetical as well as the most faithful picture of this remarkable sight of San Francisco from the bay. Had the original builders of the city adopted the Italian custom of carrying streets around hills, with terraced gardens, San Francisco would be the most beautiful city in the world. As it is, many of the streets are merely great, unsightly ditches that run in ugly parallel lines up the steep hills and through their summits. From a score of points of vantage one may get superb views of the bay, the harbor with its picturesque islands, the encircling hills and the Golden Gate, the narrow entrance through which come and go the ships of the orient.

What impresses the visitor to San Francisco most forcibly is the peculiar fondness for the bay window. But this taste seems natural and sensible when he is told that it is due to the necessity of getting all the sunshine that can be secured. Here, as in Italy, between sunshine and shade there is the difference between summer and winter. The San Francisco climate is the greatest climate in the world for continuous work, as the mean temperature is 65 and there is no summer heat. But it is a trying climate for any one with weak lungs or tender throat. The summer is harsher than the winter, as cold trade winds and heavy fogs render the nights chilly and make a grate fire comfortable. September is the finest month in the year, as the trade winds do not blow and the days are warm and sunshiny.—Chautauquan.

SHELL AND SHOVEL PILE.

A Short Story of the Civil War as Told by an Old Soldier.

"Whenever I see a pile of shovels stacked up on the sidewalk in front of a hardware store," said an old soldier, "it makes me think of a pile of shovels I saw once stacked up at the end of a traverse in an earthwork at the time of the civil war. There were siege guns and mortars of one size and another in batteries scattered along these works—in the particular battery that I speak of there were two 100 pound rifled guns. There was a traverse between the two guns, and one on the outer side of each, a traverse, you understand, being a short ridge of earth running back from the line in front and at right angles with it, to protect the gun and the gunners from a lateral fire. This pile of shovels lay at the end of one of the outer traverses, to the left of the piece that I worked on. There were six or eight men on the gun.

"A shell that came over from a Confederate mortar battery dropped square on that pile of shovels and exploded the instant it struck. Our own gun had just been fired, and the men were all standing scattered around to the rear of the gun carriage, none of them far away from the shovel pile, and all of them right in open range, not protected, as some of them anyway would have been a minute earlier, by standing over on the other side of the gun, with the gun and the gun carriage between them and the shovels.

"The air was filled with smoke, and fragments and splinters of shell and shovels were flying in all directions. There wasn't a man but expected to have his head knocked off by a piece of shell, or to be cut in two by a shovel blade, or at least to have the handle of a shovel stuck through him. But the fragments of shell all flew past, the shovels all came down, and the smoke cleared away, and nobody had even a scratch. Then the men all laughed and went to loading the 100 pounder again."—New York Sun.

The Swiss Parliament.

A parliament at which the discussions are carried on in three different languages is probably unique.

The country where this singular fact occurs is well known to English tourists—viz, Switzerland. But few, I believe, have ever had an occasion to be present at the sitting of a Swiss parliament.

The languages spoken by the members are French, Italian and German. Italian, true, is not as often employed as the other two, the members for Tessin, a canton in the south, very often delivering their speeches in French. As almost every educated Swiss speaks French and German, members are therefore able to understand each other's speeches, although spoken in a different language to their own.

It also often happens that when a French speaking member wishes to make a stronger impression on the German speaking part of the house he delivers his speech in German, and also vice versa.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Curious Rose Tree.

One of the most remarkable botanical curiosities in the world is in the possession of Mrs. Le Clerc of Quebec. It is a potted American Beauty rosebush whose flowers have perfume only from midnight until daylight. During the rest of the 24 hours they are perfectly odorless. The fragrance begins to exhale precisely on the stroke of 12.

Finally Got the Goat.

A Berlin physician, Dr. Aronsohn, has succeeded in inoculating with tuberculosis a goat, an animal hitherto regarded as immune to this disease.

TREASURED PLATES.

Bits of Minton Ware That Are Worth Fortunes In Themselves.

The dinner plates most popular among millionaires of today are of Minton ware and cost $2,729 each, or as much as a plate of solid gold. The Minton plates have exquisite painting in the center, done by Boullinere, from designs taken from old miniatures.

Next to these in popularity come the plates of the English crown derby. They are much cheaper, costing only $1,638 a dozen, or $136.50 apiece. Nevertheless they are very beautiful, many being painted with miniatures by LeRoy. There are no other decorations on the dishes, but the edges are finished with a filigree of gold.

More expensive than these are the paste on paste plates, which cost $150 each or $1,800 a dozen. These, too, are real works of art. They have a cameo decoration of exquisite delicacy. In the center of each is a design of figures with flowing drapery, done in translucent white on a medallion of pale blue. A filigree pattern in blue finishes them at the edges.

Imitations of delft china are made in Holland, France and England, but of real delft there is not a scrap outside of some few collections; also it is worth much more than its weight in gold. Connoisseurs will pay quite fabulous prices for a cracked bit of this beautiful old ware.

It is claimed that there is but one complete dinner set of delft now in existence, and that is comparatively modern, bearing as it does the date of 1816. It was made in England and not in Holland. It is very quaint and beautiful, and is very valuable. It belongs to Mr. Joseph P. McHugh of Philadelphia.

Mr. McHugh recently acquired this most desirable possession by buying it from Miss Eleanor H. Frick, in whose family it had been since its manufacture. The design represents "The Beauties of America." Among the pictures which appear on the plates are the Octagon church, the Atheneum, the statehouse and the hospital in Boston, the capitol at Washington, Mount Vernon on the Potomac, the Hartford Deaf and Dumb asylum, the New York city hall and the Philadelphia exchange and library.

Mr. H. W. Ranger, the landscape painter, has an old blue and white Dutch plate that is declared by connoisseurs to be worth $650. He found the plate among a number of other pretty trifles while traveling in Holland and paid 25 cents for it. It was only when upon arriving in England he showed it to a dealer that he learned its real value. A well known editor in New York has a passion for this fine china and has a collection he gloats over in secret as a miser revels in the gold in his money bags.

Mrs. William Astor has an entire service of purest gold consisting of 30 pieces. They are unornamented, except for the coat of arms and initials that appear on each. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has also a set of gold dinner dishes, but it is not so complete. It is said that the objection to gold plates is that they are easily scratched with the knife and fork. Such sets are not kept in stock by the American jewelers, and if bought here must be made to order. In England they are more readily obtained.

When questioned on the subject, the representative of one of New York's best firms said that gold plates would cost from $225 up. The price would depend upon the weight and decorations. A plate of gold the size and thickness of an ordinary dinner plate would weigh much more than the china. If the plates were elaborately engraved or chased, it would add much to the expense, and they might even be inlaid with precious stones or enameled.—Chicago News.

A Great Violin.

When Vuillaume came upon the "Salabue" Stradivarius, he went into raptures over it. Indeed, such was his enthusiasm that he refused to part with the instrument at any price, and when the Franco-German war was going on in 1870 he had the treasure buried in a dampproof, airtight box for safety. Vuillaume went the way of all flesh, and then the violin passed into the hands of M. Alard, who gave £1,000 for it. Alard, again, died in 1888, and two years later the violin world was astonished to hear that the "Salabue" Stradivarius, now somewhat irreverently called "the Messiah," had been bought by Mr. R. Crawford of Trinity, Edinburgh, for the unprecedented sum of £2,000. The very high figure is, of course, accounted for to a great extent by the marvelous state of preservation of this instrument.

As Mr. Haweis expresses it, it is as though the ivory Minerva of Phidias that stood once in the Parthenon, should be discovered hidden away with the utmost care in some deep, dry and hermetically sealed sepulcher of the east and brought over scathless to be set up amid the Elgin fragments, the only perfect relic of them all. So stands this matchless violin among its brethren. The thick, rich, red brown varnish looks as fresh as if it had been put on but yesterday, for neither varnish nor wood has been rubbed, as in the case of every other known specimen of Stradivarius workmanship. The form and outline of the instrument are also incomparable for grace and beauty, while the tone, for strength, roundness, sweetness and delicacy, is practically unmatched.—Chambers' Journal.

Costly Ground.

In the city of London more than £30 10s. an inch was paid for every piece of the land between King William statue and Trinity square, E. C. The ground about Lombard street is estimated to be worth not less than £2,000,000 an acre; £1,250,000 was asked from the Southeastern Railway company for a small piece of land in Bermondsey. This piece of property was 16 feet in depth and contained an area of 4,134 superficial feet, so that the price asked was at the rate of £13,000,000 an acre.

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